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institution of marriage can rest secure against the disturbing waves that beat around its base. The subtle attraction to each other of two individuals of different sexes, may be mystical in its origin, but not as it morally grows into the marriage compact; for the character of the former is always visible in the institutional form of the latter, and determines its destiny. Leibnitz has truly said: "Change the system of education, and you will change the face of the world." And we say in our turn, change the nature of love's novitiate, detach it from all conventionalism and materialism, and infuse into it that high spiritual tone which is alone the true condition of the Christian marriage, and you will change the whole face of family and social life, and substitute order for anarchy, moral concord for immoral discord, and give to each individual unit of humanity, that place in the family and society which best accords with its material, physical, moral, and intellectual destination. Social disorders and ulcers are not the fermentations of a moment, but are slowly protruded out of the putrifaction which results from the immoral union of immoral agents in the family and social compacts. It is, therefore, the duty of moral art to study the attributes of the individual, and those of the family before determining the nature of the social edifice; because if the constituent elements of the social structure are defective or rotten, so will be also the structure itself; and as void of moral symmetry as a piece of nude statuary growing under the chisel of a voluptuous and sensualized Greek. We propose, therefore, as an incipient stage in family art that two young lovers should be represented in their novitiate state before marriage as morally growing together in their affections, thoughts and emotions, like the deepening shadows of a summer's evening. When this picture is wrought out of the artistic soul of genius, we shall see the moral continuity of life throughout all the variations and irregularities of its surface, and that it has a significance beyond the varieties, trivialities, and ostentations which now crowd upon the canvas and disturb its repose—we shall see how the romantic mounting of the lover beautifully shades into the stern duties of family and social membership; and how the deep current of life moves slowly and steadily on without wrecking the happiness of those who stand in a moral relationship to its grand and solemn purposes. But we must look to the purity of its source and the sublimity of its movements and not corrode the one, nor interrupt or impede the other, by the irruption of low-passions and appetites. In our next we shall consider marriage as a Christian institution and as marking the spiritual transition from individual to family life.

THE NOBLEST OF HIS KIND.

BY JUSTIN WELBOR.

The artist, who is noblest of his kind,
Will do bidding of a restless whim,
Nor serve the humors of a pranksome mind;
Nor like an eager bird, with half-fledged limb,
Essay a paltry venture out-of-pride;
But for the full maturity of light
Dots, trustfully the happy hour abide,
Nor dreads the bodements of a victimized sight.
All-thankful Nature glories in his Art,
And dons a winning smile of sweet return;
And people gaze impatiently to learn
Those secrets, that were erst the poet's right,
Till thought runs riot in excess of light.

THE MASTER-WORKERS IN MOSAIC.

(Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of Madame Dudevant.)

XIX.

FRANCESCO and Valerio were re-conducted to prison, and eight days afterwards they again appeared before the Council of Ten. The *procès verbal* corrected by the commission of painters was openly read to them. They had abstained from proclaiming the inferiority of the Bianchini's productions, knowing that in depreciating them with reference to their merit as works of art, they would only more and more irritate the procurator-treasurer, and the situation of the Zuccati being sufficiently complicated, prudence demanded that the hate of their persecutors should be no further provoked. But praise was lavished upon the cupola of the Zuccati, and the solidity of the entire work was established, with the exception of two unimportant figures where wood had been employed instead of stone. Titian had even affirmed that he considered this piece of painted mosaic as capable of resisting the action of time for more than five hundred years. And his prediction is verified, for these pieces still exist and appear as beautiful and substantial as the other portions of the mosaic. As to the knowledge of the younger Zuccati, charged with incapacity or ignorance by his accusers, he was victoriously defended in this document, and declared to be at least as skillful as his brother.

After this declaration, the whole accusation rested only upon one point, that of the substitution of unusual materials in the execution of the two figures of the archangels.

Francesco, when interrogated as to what he had to say in his defence, replied that, convinced for a long time of the advantage of this substitution in certain details, and anxious to prove its solidity, he had tested it in the two figures which were of little importance, and that he had always intended to repair them at his own expense, if their duration did not confirm his experiment or if the Republic disapproved of the innovation.

The Council did not seem disposed to admit this excuse. Pressed by threats and accusations, Valerio could no longer control himself:—"Well, then," cried he, "if you insist upon hearing it, learn the secret that my brother wished to keep. By revealing it to you, I very well know that I expose myself, not only to the hatred and envy which crushes us now, but still more to that of all future rivals. I know that ignorant manipulators and inferior artisans will be indignant to see in us conscientious artists. I know that they will pretend that mosaic is but a simple work of masonry, and will condemn, as a bad companion and ambitious rival, whoever considers it an art and brings to it the fire of enthusiasm or the light of intelligence. Indeed I protest against such a blasphemy; I assert that a true mosaic should be a painter; and I affirm that my brother Francesco, a pupil of his father and of Messer Tiziano, is a great painter; and I prove it by declaring that the two figures of archangels which have obtained the approval of the illustrious commission appointed by

the Council, have been imagined, composed, drawn and colored by my brother, whose apprentice and workman I have been by faithfully copying his cartoons. We have committed, perhaps, a great crime in allowing ourselves to consecrate our best work to the Republic—in offering it secretly and without compensation, with a diffidence suitable to young people—with a prudence which belongs to men devoted to other gods than money and favors; but in accusing us of fraud we are forced to renounce both prudence and diffidence. We demand, consequently, that it may be proved that we have attempted this innovation anywhere but in a composition which was not ordered and which we are ready to remove from the basilica, if the government deems it unworthy to appear by the side of the works of the Bianchini."

The plans of the different compositions designed by the artists for the mosaists were consulted, but the two figures of archangels were not found upon them. The procurator Melchior pressed each one of the painters to an opinion upon the merit of these figures and the share they had taken in them. As, in this respect, they had been invested with full powers by the state, a simple sketch, traced by either one of the painters would suffice to render the Zuccati guilty of faithlessness, disobedience and fraud—bound as they were to the slightest scratch of the artist—employing a process of their own and materials not approved by the procurator-commission. The painters declared under oath that they had not conceived the slightest idea of these figures, and as to their merit, they unanimously testified that they could not desire anything more correct and more noble. Titian was examined twice. His friendship for the Zuccati was well known; and also his *finesse* and skill in eluding questions he did not wish to touch upon. Requested to say if he was the author of these figures, he gracefully answered, "I would willingly be so, but, on my conscience, I had not even seen the drawing, and I did not suspect its existence previous to the examination which I was directed to make of it as a member of the commission."

The Bianchini insisted that the Zuccati were not capable of composing works deserving of such commendation. Notwithstanding the assertion of the painters, a further investigation was determined on, in which Bozza was called upon, as a former pupil of the Zuccati, to say if he had seen any painter put his hand to these figures. He declared that once only he had seen Messer Orazio Vecelio, son of Titian, come by night to the Zuccati's studio at an hour when they were at work upon them. Orazio was heard, and he attested upon oath, that he had not even seen the designs, and that his nocturnal visit to the studio at San Filippo was for no other purpose but to order of Valerio, a mosaic bracelet which he wished to present to a lady. There was accordingly no other evidence against the Zuccati. They were acquitted, charged only with replacing, at their own expense, by fragments of stone and enamel, the fragments of painted wood employed in certain places in their figures. This part of the decree was only a form in order not to encourage innovators. Its execution was not even enforced, for these fragments,

colored with the brush still exist. The barbarism of the procurator-treasurer has alone been reinstated just as it came from the learned brain of that magistrate, and under the two archangels may be read the following touching inscription alluding to the persecution suffered by the Zuccati.

UBI DILIGENTER
INSPEXXIS ARTEMQ.
AC LABOR
REM FRANCISCI ET VALEBII
ZVCATI VENITORVM PRATV
AGNOVERIS TVM DEMVM IVDI-
CATO.

XX.

Notwithstanding the satisfactory result of the trial, much was to be done before the Zuccati's fortunes could assume a prosperous aspect. Francesco's health was slowly established. No new public work was intrusted to the mosaists, and it was even determined to stop them altogether, and preserve the old byzantine mosaics, for the civic habits tended to austerity; and whilst sage sumptuary laws ordered every mantle and gondola into mourning, people with least gravity by nature, affected in a spirit of imitation, to clothe themselves in Roman togas and to wear no ornaments but of iron and steel. Economy was the word in every mouth; the plague had broken up the ways of commerce, and as men promptly pass from one excess to another, the people of Venice, after a period of ruinous display and senseless luxury, turned to the most sordid reductions and the most puerile reforms. The artists were obliged to undergo painful experiences in this crisis of financial panic. The procurator-treasurer was not one special instance of isolated folly, but the representative of a mass of narrow minds.

Francesco fell into a state of profound discouragement. An enthusiastic artist, he had desired, he had lived upon glory. He had served it as one serves a noble mistress, by noble sacrifices and by a warm and exclusive devotion. For recompense, he had found himself in a frightful prison, exposed to imminent death and a disgraceful trial. Besides, the successful result of his chief works was contested. Men do not look upon the misfortune that falls upon a worthy head with impunity; they are also seized with the cowardice of meanness and seek every warrant to excuse and legitimate the evil with which genius is afflicted. It was sufficient to have found one small fragment of wood in the Zuccati's two small figures, in order for the public to imagine that the entire mosaic was executed in wood. The citizens went so far as to say it was made of paper, and convinced of its lack of solidity, they would have deemed it unpatriotic to raise their heads to admire the beauty of the figures.

The young artist was wounded to the very depths of his soul, and suffered so much the more inasmuch as he attempted to conceal his suffering, for he despised the public too heartily to allow the satisfaction of seeing him overcome. Retired in his little chamber, at San Filippo, he passed entire days at the window, absorbed in melancholy thought, and only diverted from his grievances by the contemplation of the waving ivy in the court below, as it was agitated by the passing breeze. This tranquil spectacle seemed to him delightful

after confinement under the leads where the want of air had been slowly undermining his life.

In the days of his good fortune and luxurious amusements, Valerio had contracted many considerable debts; his creditors now tormented him. Francesco discovered this secret and devoted all his savings to the payment of these debts. Valerio was not aware of it until a long time afterwards. He was sad enough without adding remorse to the anxiety which the health of his beloved brother caused him. The idea of losing him overcame all the strength of his mind, and he felt that, notwithstanding his natural disposition to accept life's evils, he could never be consoled for his loss. Incapable of melancholy, too strong for inactive resignation as well as despair, he would often give way to spells of violent indignation to which succeeded the most brilliant hopes, and he would entertain Francesco with dreams of glory and happiness, although at heart no one had less need of glory than himself to be made happy by it.

Old Sebastian conjured them to resume the pencil and resign the base profession of mosaist; but Francesco had experienced too rude a check to give himself up to new hopes. To enter upon a new career at thirty required a resolution too great for such a wounded spirit and for so feeble a body. To his own sorrows were added those of his friends; his disgrace caused Ceccato to lose his privilege of a mastership; he and Marini were languishing in frightful misery, and in vain did Francesco solicit payment for his year's work. The finances were, like other departments of the administration, in the greatest disorder. All his efforts were useless; he was only put off from day to day, from week to week. The secret hatred of the procurator-treasurer was no remote cause of the delay in the payments; it was a secret vengeance for the irony of the Zuccati, which in his estimation was too slightly punished by the Council.

The Zuccati were resolved to divide their last morsel of bread with their devoted apprentices. They supported Marini, Ceccato, and his young wife now convalescent and their remaining child. Valerio still earned some money from the Greeks installed at Venice, by selling them jewelry, but this resource would not suffice for so numerous a family after Francesco's savings should be exhausted. Then did Valerio reprobate himself bitterly for his lack of foresight in this respect; he felt too late that prodigality was truly a vice. "Yes, yes," he said, sighing, "the man who wastes upon extravagant pleasures and empty parade that which comes to him by the sweat of his brow, deserves to have no friends, for he is unable to assist them in the day of their distress."

But it was wonderful to see with what indefatigable zeal, by what ingenious devotion he repaired his past errors. He had divided his narrow lodgings into three compartments—the studio, the eating-room, and Francesco's chamber. At night he slept upon a mat in some corner, or often upon the elevated terrace over the attic. In the daytime he worked diligently, employing his apprentices upon pictures in mosaic, living upon the hope that a period would come when works of art would be

no longer classed among objects of luxury or fantasy. He alone superintended the details of the household, and if he allowed Ceccato's wife to prepare the dinner, he could not suffer her to fatigue herself by going out to purchase it. He went himself to the fish-market and to the vegetable market, and he might be seen upon these errands, covered with perspiration, traversing the winding streets with a basket under his mantle. If he met any of the young patricians who had formerly shared his amusements or his prodigality, he carefully avoided them, and obstinately concealed his poverty from them, fearing they might send him assistance, the mere offer of which would have humiliated him. He affected to have lost nothing of his gaiety, but the forced laugh upon his faded lips and the restless glances from his brilliant but feverishly excited eyes, would only deceive a common acquaintance or a preoccupied mind.

One day as Valerio was crossing one of those small, sombre and silent courts which served as a passage to pedestrians, and yet where people seldom encountered one another by day light, he noticed by the side of a damp wall a man endeavoring to support himself against it, but whose weakness rendered his effort abortive. He approached him and caught him in his arms. But what was his surprise when he recognized in the man, covered with rags and wasted with hunger, and whom he had taken for a beggar, but his former pupil and comrade, Bartolomeo Bozza!

"Then, there are in Venice," cried he, "more unhappy artists besides myself!"

He made him swallow a few drops of Istria wine, a bottle of which he had in his basket; then he gave him some figs which the miserable man ate voraciously, devouring them greedily without removing the skin. When his hunger was somewhat appeased, he recognized the charitable man who had assisted him. A torrent of tears fell from his eyes; but Valerio could not determine if it was shame, remorse, or gratitude that made them flow, for Bozza spoke not a word, and attempted to escape, but the good Valerio stopped him.

"Where wouldst thou go, my poor fellow?" said he to him; "dost thou not see that thy strength is gone, and that thou wilt fall again in a few moments? I am poor also and cannot give thee money, but come with me,—thy old companions will open their arms to thee; and so long as there is a measure of rice at San Filippo thou shalt share it with them."

He led him away accordingly and Bozza walked along mechanically without showing either joy or surprise.

XXI.

FRANCESCO could not repress a feeling of repugnance when Bozza appeared before him; he knew that the young man, otherwise honest and incapable of a mean action, had no benevolence, no affection, no generous sentiment in his heart. Every claim upon tenderness or sympathy was overpowered in him by a raging pride and an insatiable ambition. Yet when he knew what a state he was in when Valerio found him, Francisco ran to seek for clothes, and offered him stockings and one of his best suits, whilst his brother prepared

a substantial repast. From that moment, Bozza formed a part of the indigent family, which by dint of economy, order and labor, lived honorably at San Filippo. Valerio did not regret his own share of trouble, and at evening when he saw his old school gathered about him around their modest table, his soul opened once more to joy and he gave way to the full expression of his nature. The restless eyes of Francesco would then meet those of Bozza always expressing either indifference or disdain. Bozza could not comprehend the heroic devotion of the Zuccati. He had so slight a conception of noble conduct that he attributed it all to motives of personal interest, to an intention to found a new school, to turn to account the work of their apprentices, or to bind them in advance by services of such a nature that they could not desert for a rival school. What his companions thought to be truly sublime, seemed to him but simple cunning.

But their misfortunes became yet more threatening. The Zuccati had resolved to endure the severest privations before having recourse to the illustrious masters whose friendship they possessed. Their father's fortune was less than moderate; his pride had always made him refuse any aid from his sons, pleased, as he termed it, in a low condition of life. So long as they were in prosperity they made over to him a portion of their salary, but in order to have him consent to receive the money, Titian had been obliged to rein it in his own name. Now that the Zuccati could no longer assist their father, Titian continued upon his own account to supply this revenue to the old man, and his grateful sons therefore concealed from him their misery in the fear of abusing his generosity.

Fortunately, Tintoret watched over them, although at this time, he was himself much embarrassed. Art seemed to have fallen into discredit; the *confrères* were economising; they even debated the sale of all the pictures belonging to the *scuole* in order to distribute the proceeds among the poor workmen of their corporations. The patricians concealed their luxury in the recesses of their palaces, so as not to be taxed too severely in favor of the poorer classes. Nevertheless, Tintoret still found means to succor his unfortunate friends. Besides securing the purchase from them of many ornaments that they made, without their knowledge, he never ceased to importune the senate to give them employment. He finally succeeded in proving the necessity of additional repairs to the basilica. A certain number of the Byzantine mosaics, (those which are still seen in St. Mark's), might be preserved, but it was necessary to remove them entirely, and replace them upon new mastic. Other portions were wholly irreparable, and those should be substituted by new compositions before the whole should decay into dust, which would occasion greater expense than they had any idea of. The senate decreed these worthy, and accordingly voted an appropriation; but it decided that the number of mosaic workmen should be reduced, and that to put an end to rivalry, there should be only one chief and one school. This chief should be he, who, after competing with all the workmen previously employed, the commission of painters should judge to be the most skillful; his

school should be organized forthwith, not by his own choice, according to his interests and sympathy of family relationship, but according to the degree of merit recognized by the commission among the remaining competitors. There should be one grand prize, a second prize, and four accessory prizes. The number of masters should be limited to six.

The commission was then appointed, being composed of parties who had examined the works of the Zuccati and the Bianchini. The competition was opened, and the subject proposed was a picture in mosaic representing Saint Jerome. At the same time that Tintoret brought this happy news to the Zuccati, he placed in their hands the hundred ducats which were due to them for one year's labor, and which he had finally succeeded in obtaining. This unexpected victory over a destiny so sad and terrible, rekindled the wasted energies of both Francesco and Bozza, but with very different effect; for while the young master embraced his brother and beloved apprentices, Bartolomeo, uttering a cry of joy as wild and piercing as that of the sea eagle, darted out of the studio to enter it no more.

His first proceeding was to run to the Bianchini and explain to them their respective situations. Bozza hated and despised the Bianchini, but he could use them to his own advantage. It was very evident to him that, whether through partiality or from a sense of justice, the works of Francesco and his pupils would take the prizes at the competition. The Bianchini were merely handicraftsmen, and certainly they would not be admitted to any responsible place upon the future works of the Republic, except under the direction of another. On the other hand, Bozza knew that the feeble and languid condition of Francesco would not permit him to work. He thought that Valerio would himself produce the two compositions ordered of the Zuccati, and that some of the apprentices would take a part in them, for the time granted was short, and the commission desired to judge of the punctuality as well as the knowledge of competitors. He flattered himself in the depths of his soul that he would stand alone and be able to rival the entire school. During his late stay at San Filippo, he had carefully studied drawing, and endeavored to get possession of all the secrets of color and outline which Valerio otherwise most naively and generously communicated.

Although hoping to surpass the Zuccati, Bozza was not, however, blind to the difficulties in the way of supplanting Francesco, whose name was already famous, his own being still unknown. To displace him, it was necessary that the procurators should succeed in intimidating the judges, by directing against them the intrigues and threats of Melchior. Now the procurators were favorable to the Bianchini who had grossly flattered them by declaring that they knew much more about painting and mosaic than Titian or Tintoret. Resolved to struggle against the talent of the Zuccati, Bozza's only resource was to control the influence of the Bianchini. He succeeded by proving to the Bianchini that they could not dispense with him, that they were absolutely ignorant of the rules of drawing, and that their works would inevitably be

rejected from the competition, if they did not resign themselves to his direction. This impudent pretension did not wound the Bianchini. Money was to them dearer than praise, and the coldness of the painters, towards them at the last examination had excited fears for their future efforts. They accordingly accepted Bozza's offer, and even consented to give him six ducats in advance. He ran immediately to purchase a beautiful chain with the half of that sum, which chain he sent to the Zuccati. Francesco passed it over his brother's head without the faintest idea of the person from whom it came.

On all sides work went on with ardor. But Francesco, for an instant, reanimated by hope, miscalculated his strength, and again overcome by fever, at the expiration of a few days he was obliged to suspend his work and from his bed superintend the operations of his school.

Landscape Gardening.

INTRODUCTORY.

“To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend;
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide:
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.”

POPE.

Who does not love the country! Its green fields, unbrageous retreats, charming prospects, air filled with inspiration, heaven-directing pleasures of sunset, lights and shades—all tend to awaken in us elevating influences. But, the wish of having a country residence, is with most persons, ushered in with many a deep drawn sigh. The eye is at liberty to feed upon the view, and the ears to listen with rapturous delight to the merry warbling of the tiny songstresses, and the nostrils are allowed to inhale the balmy fragrance which everywhere surrounds—all free of cost without the country residence—but alas! perhaps we only return to the smoky and dusty city to contrast man's insignificant creations with those of our Creator. In the country our whole “nature rejoices with that various and full happiness, which one has when the soul is suspended in the midst of Beethoven's symphonies, and is lifted hither and thither, as if blown by sweet sounds through the airy passages of a full heavenly dream.” The pious Cowley remarked that he never had any other desire so strong as the wish for a small house and large garden.

The love of gardening is never wholly extinct; it may lie dormant for want of space or opportunity, but the cheerful and happy looking bunch of flowers on the window ledge will betray the hankering after that rational enjoyment, which can be found nowhere but in the garden. The bunch of flowers has solaced many an otherwise weary hour of the invalid.

The garden was the first habitation of our common parent, and yet, in the face of the fact of nearly six thousand years looking down upon the world, it has witnessed no gardening developed as an art—of truth. It is true, the Greek, the Babylonish, and many other people had their “gardens,” but they were, as far as we can learn, mere plantations, bordering more upon the sculp-

turesque and extravagant than anything else: their groves were of the most formal description; Nature apparently was most remorselessly spurned by them, and it was not until the early part of the last century that a truthful art of gardening was displayed.

There is a beautiful story, somewhere told, we dimly recollect where, that when the men of St. Kilda, subjects of the Lord of Skye, were on their way to do homage to their chief, they could hardly proceed upon the journey when near the castle, for the trees kept pulling them back. They had never seen such delightful objects. Our modern Vandalic speculator would imagine that they kept him back, if they were permitted to encumber the soil in the face of the march of his improvement; we wish him no worse fate, than that of being taxed annually for the true amount and value of the trees so destroyed, said tax to be devoted for the sole purpose of planting trees in his noble "ville," "ton," or "new" something. Trees were held in such veneration by the ancients, that it was considered a high piece of sacrilege to destroy them. Virgil tells us that *Aeneas* durst not fell the trees on Mount Ida for the construction of his ships, on his expedition to Italy, without first gaining the consent of *Cybele*, to whom this grove was dedicated. The woodman's ruthless axe has been much too often used in our vicinity. We have known those of the largest girth having been levelled, for no other earthly reason than that posts and rails were wanted, and this too, when other trees surrounding could have well been spared. We do not advocate the continual crowding upon the soil of countless numbers of trees, studded thick, nor do we think that trees being of themselves such beautiful objects, is sufficient reason for it. In the first place by this manner of planting, the place is constantly damp; miasmas as a consequence arise, and thus the health of the occupants endangered. Again, trees will grow the more luxuriant, and show to better advantage by having sufficient play of elbow room; they want sun, light, and air, as much as any other of God's children; only give them these, and nine-tenths of the feelings of dissatisfaction which now exist, for want of success, shall be done away with; the remaining tenth shall belong to the *nil admirari* class.

The planting of trees on one's place of retirement in the country, is certainly attended with pleasing associations—it creates a feeling of local attachment; to watch the tender arboret, week by week, month by month, and year by year grow towards manhood, and see it eventually crowned in glorious array, affording in return for the deep solicitude shown by us on its behoof, the grateful shade: to see it still grow and develop its beautiful intertwining boles, or present for your acknowledgment in due season the fragrant blossoms: to insert *manu propria* "the bark-bound bud on a little branch, and after many months or years to gather therefrom a great heaping dish of fruit:" to bring in from the well filled beds a delightful bunch of flowers for the *cara sposa*: these are only a few of the charms attached to the garden, to witness which is overwhelmingly beautiful to the person imbued with any feeling at all for the country. How like human beings are trees in every period of their ex-

istence, and in their progress from plants to trees: "they every year unfold new and characteristic marks of their ultimate beauty, which not only compensates for past cares and troubles, but like the returns of gratitude, raise a most delightful train of sensations in the mind: so innocent and rational, that they may justly rank with the most exquisite of human enjoyments." But, we are not of that class—as we before remarked—who think that to purchase a rude or barren site, and then fill it with trees of one's own planting, is absolutely necessary for the true enjoyment and appreciation of the country. Not we. Throwing aside all the poetry connected with the individual planting of trees, it will always be found more satisfactory to select a site which has a natural assemblage of trees growing upon it—a few will serve as nuclei for further additions. But the proper thinning and management of a heavy growth of trees is ever attended with expense and requires extreme caution. If the trees selected for hewing are levelled too soon, the loss of the trees isolated will be a natural result; this is generally found to be the case in practice, for if a tree situated in the centre of a group is protected from the inclemencies of the elements by those which surround it, a great hold is not so necessary as if standing alone; the moment these guards are removed, then the existence of the tree is endangered; these removals must be attended with care, and done gradually.

Trees are the very life of the country residence. A country house unless surrounded with foliage, is like unto a "caliph without his beard," it looks as imperfect as a face without the nose. And when a place has no characteristics of its own, no charming views of tranquil water, no peeps of ethereal distance, no catches of playful light and shifting shadow, no purple haze of distant mountains, no pleasing undulations of inland scenery—then are trees capable of being called in, to atone, in a degree, for this want of scenery—at least so far as relates to the place to be improved—by combinations equal in point of number to the changes of the *Kaleidescope*. Such combinations require deep study into the ways and means of nature: one must have a prescient knowledge of the effect of the trees upon the landscape before he attempts to plant. Here the landscape gardener comes to your assistance, he must study deeply and observe closely into all of Nature's contrivances—he cannot plant, destroy and replant, because the effect is not as good as anticipated: the painter when creating a landscape can easily remedy a defective foreground, middle-view and off-scape can be created, erased and re-created, if not satisfactory; not so with the landscape gardener, his canvas and subject lie before him, his tints and other accessories are beside him—but he cannot use them with the same pliancy as the painter, he can only arrange his landscape and leave Nature to add, with his assistance the finishing touches.

We feel sorry to be compelled to acknowledge that the greater number of persons who choose abodes in the country, select situations which, perhaps, have only a commanding prospect, regardless entirely of the amount of foliage upon them. Now it does appear to our humble

notions, that where a bold, uncouth, flake-white house, with perhaps a few dabs of dirty brown, daubed on for effect, forsooth, stares one full in the face, no other satisfaction can arise than that it is seen. The effect produced upon the person of feeling, to see upon this arid site the unmeaning light house, is disagreeable indeed. A glaringly exposed house, is like false happiness, it glories to draw the eyes of the world upon her; we should rather, on the contrary try to emulate real happiness, which is of a retiring nature and holds no communion with ostentation and noise. Our best advice to a neighbor who has such a nuisance always obtruding its offensive presence, is to plant it out; we should not hesitate to do so. A white house in the country! contrasting with the green fields, green blinds and —. We cannot rid ourselves of the dislike for white as a color for a house in the country. Color, did we say? why it is the very absence of all color, as much so as the absence of all sympathy for harmony is in the person who desecrates God's soil by coating his feeble creations with it: and brown too! white and the brown with which we see houses daubed over!

White is irreconcilable with the harmonizing contrasts of Nature's accessories, it is hurtful to the eyes and thus instead of forming a soft, cheerful resting place for the eye to dwell upon with delight, is a positive blemish. That there are many pleasing tints of browns, we will not attempt to deny; but the dirty, muddy, conglomerate brown of the fashionable house-painter, we have no sympathy for—we spurn it as we would the rabid dog.

In landscape gardening, satisfactory and pleasing results will not necessarily arise from the extent of the operations, nor the sum of money squandered thereon, but a genuine love of nature, and a good stock of inherent common sense is required in every case; for whatever is costly and superfluous soon satisiates; he only whose pocket has been encroached upon, delights to tarry in the presence of the shadow of his cash; and to his eyes the stagnant pool is magnified into a charming lake, or the puny bridge into a grand Rialto—and sometimes, I ween, a bridge of sighs—indeed such are only a few of the metamorphoses which wealth may occasion.

Of course the character of our operations in gardening, must be based upon the extent of the grounds to be improved, and the genius of the place, this will be found to embrace, equally the *ferme ornée* as the mansion, the *cottage* as the *village* residence.

The *FERME ORNÉE*, or ornamented farm differs from the ordinary farm by receiving the various characteristics of trees already growing upon the place, or planted singly and in groups, so as to partake of the park-like as well as the farm-like attributes: as much taste is required to be shown in the treatment of the various parts as in those of the park. The portions near the house should be managed with care, arranging groups and single trees, which will be amenable to the same rules that control the management of scenery, park-like in character; everywhere around the house the highest degree of neatness and order must prevail. The grounds of the *ferme ornée* must be kept in much nicer order

than mere tillage requires. The trees of course must be planted where they will not materially interfere with the production of the soil. The various farm-buildings partly hidden and cheerfully gleaming through the soft green foliage, will add much interest to the scene. This mode of laying out a country place is *par excellence* uniting the useful with the agreeable. As an exemplification of this style, we turn with gratification to ELLESLIE, which is a pattern of order and judicious arrangement.

ELLESLIE, charming abode! is situated on the east bank of the Hudson, a few miles south of Rhinebeck; it comprises about seven hundred acres, and is the seat of William Kelly, Esq. The house is built substantially in the Roman style of architecture, with a tetrastyle portico on the south west front, and a piazza extending round on three sides. It stands some distance from the west entrance, upon a commanding terrace, with bold and luxurious foregrounds. The portico commands an extensive reach of the Hudson, over valleys superbly studded with groups of trees, the view extending some eighteen or twenty miles, displaying with pleasing variety, natural bays and projections of this noble river; beyond and skirting the horizon, and forming a rolling outline to the sky and distance, the faint blue Highlands, and darker Shawangunk thrust themselves upon the vision, and make a beautiful distance:—intermediately are seen the costly residences of Messrs. Jones, Curtis and other gentlemen, whilst the waving golden fields enliven the prospect, and create a scene, such as is rarely obtained elsewhere. To the west a few pleasing gleams of water-view burst upon the sight, looking like soul-stirring pictures within frames of rich, rippling foliage. On the east catches of inland scenery are had. In fact, the admission of distances is most judiciously managed. The setting of the sun over the western hills is a magnificent sight—the play of light and shade, in broad masses and in long lengths—the sombre appearance which everything east in shade presents—the poetical lighting up, and warming of every object opposite to the sun—the breadths and tints of the Hudson winding circuitously at your feet, with the glistening sails which the giant city far to your south has called into being—all these give sentiment and beauty to this charming residence.

Nature has, indeed, highly favored this place; the grounds are richly diversified; the foliage, although not presumptuous in high-sounding titles, everywhere exhibits the highest degree of luxuriance; the proprietor has rather desired the rich, healthy foliage of our deservedly extolled native trees, than scarce exotics, nor has he allowed his means to be expended trivially; but, on the contrary, has with a nice sense of the charm of natural expression, evinced a just appreciation of the truly beautiful. Particular care has been taken to preserve the natural undulations of the surface, and the roads, groups, and other accessories, are so planned and arranged, as to heighten the charms of nature, and thus exhibit her in her most pleasing dress. On the lawn, irregular groups and magnificent masses, ornamental vases, embowered seats,—affording most lovely prospects,—and an exquisite hexagonal temple, give expression and variety to the whole. This temple is not

in the vitiated style of temples generally; the columns are not mere long-legged pipe stems; but it is a *bona-fide* specimen of Grecian architecture, such as the Greek scholar loves to contemplate; it contains a pretty vase.

When the present proprietor—it is hardly necessary for us to say, thoroughly imbued with love of the country—took possession of this estate, some years ago, it was a very wilderness; but by skillful thinning, and exceeding good management of the rolling woods, aided by time, he has succeeded in obtaining a very satisfactory result, just enough of the trees having been retained to clothe the place with a superb garniture. The whole of the grounds are well laid out, and well kept; the drives and walks are overlaid with broken slate-stone, which makes durable, dry, clean, and cheerful-looking roads. The approach is well directed, but some single trees, shrubs, or other excuse for curving is wanting in a few places, which is easily remedied.

The conservatory and greenhouse stand upon a gentle eminence, and are seen with remarkable effect; from the approach it is curvilinear, and composed of a centre and two receding wings, it is 100 feet long and about 40 feet in depth; every care has been taken to make it a perfect building of its kind. It was designed and erected by Mr. James Hogg, of Yorkville, the eminent horticulturist, and he may well be proud of his work. The eastern wing forms the viney, which contains healthy plants of the finest fruit; the centre part is occupied as the conservatory; the walks are here laid with Minton's encaustic tiles, and have an admirable effect; we noticed a large specimen of the *Acacia decurrens*, in full bud. The west wing is the greenhouse; the utmost attention has been bestowed by Mr. Hogg on the warming and ventilation, which is found to give every result that can be desired. The house is finely backed with wood, and being painted exteriorly of a warm cream color, it has a mild and harmonious effect; interiorly it is tinted of a pale apple-green. A beautiful tent is erected on a knoll in a pleasing grove of trees, overlooking the approach and greenhouse. The houses of amusement, embowered in grateful shades, are not forgotten.

The copse-walks are kept clean, open, and dry; the opportunities here displayed for rustic embellishments are very numerous; from beneath noble arcades of interlacing boughs, romantic ravines, with the murmuring rivulet trickling its way over the rock-bound bed, revel in full glory of retirement: from the bluffs overlooking the water, we see the huge backs of the mighty Catskills, while the mountain-house, half embraced by the fleeting clouds, sparkles like a "gem serene." The panorama on all sides is grand; the beautifully graduated verdure, with foliage of the low points, kissing the surface of the peaceful river, fill the mind with feelings overflowing with gratitude to Him who "made the country."

The public roads round the demesne are very fine, and a pleasure to ride upon; they were made at great expense by Mr. Kelly. The farm-houses are placed at different parts of the domain; that known as the south one, being very commodious, con-

venient, and unassuming; it overlooks the water. The farm-buildings for the habitation of the cattle and farm horses is well planned, a more methodical and convenient arrangement can nowhere else, we think, be found; the stalls for the cows—which are of the Durham breed—are all labelled with neat signs, and what is somewhat extraordinary—among so many—each cow knows her own stall. The upper story is used for the storing of hay, immense quantities of which are produced on the farm. The lower story, which is on the west, is level with the surface, and is used for various purposes; one part, large and lofty, being occupied by three remarkably fine bulls: extensive sheds are provided on the east side. The hay houses are placed at convenient points on the farm, and from their modest, external appearance, and peering through the cheerful mantles of verdure, enliven the scene. Now, how would the ordinary "country gentleman" have "improved" his farm? why, simply in erecting square, up and down buildings, isolated, and colored them red, perhaps with a stripe or two of white or black; here, on the contrary, much taste has been bestowed on the outbuildings, reflecting much credit on the proprietor, who designed them.

G.

Correspondence.

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

LETTER XVI.

To the Editors of the Crayon:

LONDON, 20th June, 1856.

THE London artistic year culminates in May with the opening of the Royal Academy exhibition. In June it is on the wane; and, before the summer of the natural year has ended, it is already mid-winter of the artistic year. As yet, however, there are still some matters of public mark to be recorded.

The gallery of oil and water-color paintings collected at the Crystal Palace opened on the thirty-first of last month. It is a very extensive gathering—numbering, I should think (for the contributions are not numbered or catalogued), full two thousand works; and many still remain to be placed. The scope of the exhibition embraces a representation of all the existing schools of Art. Of some, however, I do not observe any specimens: but England, France, Belgium, and Germany, have something to show for themselves; nor are Italy and America wholly unrepresented. The quality is less rich than the quantity. English artists of repute have, in general, held aloof, and left the field to tyros and hacks, who make a grotesque and pitiable display: not but that there are a fair number of good pictures by good men, but of these, all, or very nearly all, are familiar to the *habitué* of London exhibitions. Ford Brown's fine picture of Chaucer reading the legend of Constance to the Court of Edward III., on the Anniversary of the Black Prince's forty-fifth Birthday—one of the largest works produced by an Englishman—is here; together with Anthony's admirable Beech-trees and Fern; Leslie's Sancho Panza, as Governor of Barafaria, at his Barmecide dinner—one of the most